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REVELATION 15¢
SMOKING MIXTURE POCKET PACK

ALIAS JANE SMITH

(Continued from Page 39)

ley off Link. He's tight, wide and handsome, and guile is not in him."

"But, I do not understand. Why should I be making to play tricks on Major Bowie? Why have you these suspicions? I am not able to imagine."

He leaned forward and looked into her lovely, frank eyes. "Weren't you posted on Bowie before you dangled the bait and landed in the fish?"

"Never did I see or hear of that young man until he stood at me in the cafe of Madame Bonnard."

"But since? Your bureau of investigation. Hasn't it given you the complete low-down?"

"No. Should it have done? He is nice. He makes the wooing in a very agreeable manner. But that is all. I know his name. It is Major Lincoln Bowie. But I do not even know where he lives. No." She paused and considered that fact. "It is strange, it is indiscreet, but I do not even know the address of his home."

"Are you on the level, lady? Don't you know who Link Bowie is?"

"Only him I know. As a young man. He appeared out of the night. From where, I do not see. He disappears again into the night. Where he goes, I do not ask. See. I escape from the restrictions of decorum. I am a very free American. I cast off the shackles. It distracts my brain bustle."

"You don't know who he is?" Cazepas repeated.

"I do not know. I do not care. You are his good friend and you fear that I do him a harm—that, maybe, I break the heart of him. I do not do so. He says that he will woo me. I wish him to do so. I do not wish that anyone else shall do it. Of this matter you shall not speak to him, because it is a confidence."

"It's off the record," he promised.

"The greatest of all the freedoms that come to a grand duchess when she is lost off her throne and no longer is bound by had rules is that she can choose whom she shall love. That she may when, for just the one reason of love whom she shall marry. Do you see? It makes of life a so different thing. So I permit these Major Bowie to woo me, because I like it much, and"—she opened her eyes wide and was very frank and candid—"because I hope he will have very good success in his wooing."

"I'll be damned!" exclaimed Cazepas.

"That," she said, "is the true way of it. And now you will go, because I want to be occupied. And you will be of a discretion. For I say these to you because you are his friend and must not be worried about him. Also because I like you for that you are staunch and very much not beautiful, but inside you is a warm fire that also gives off a good light. And you have eyes to see and a heart to understand. So go away, please, and we will see what is to happen."

He ambled clumsily to the door, where he turned. "Yeah, empress," he said, "but watch your tripping little step. You're poking the perfectly darling nose into a monkey business with sharp knives. I'd hate to see it chopped off."

"I will guard the nose with care," she said.

"Maybe," he said. "But one will get you free you'll wish you'd minded your own knitting." He went out and slammed the door after himself emphatically. Her brows drew together and she considered.

(Continued on Page 47)

PAPER PACKAGES SUPPLIES FOR THE BOYS OVERSEAS

The Brigadier in the Bathtub

IT WAS Lt. John Taylor, in charge of a platoon of American Field Service ambulances serving with a British division of the Allied 8th Army, who saw the large and gleaming bathtub poking its nose up through the debris of Anzio during the early days of the beachhead operation.

Naturally, such a rare find could not be permitted to go to waste. He dug it out from the surrounding rubble, loaded it on the back of his ambulance, and took it to American Field Service headquarters. There he set it gently down in the center of a soft clump and, with the aid of an abandoned oil drum, a gasoline pressure stove and a siphon arrangement, rigged up a bath which, to those bath-starved men, was the pinnacle of luxury, even though it was out in the open, against a background of ambulances and tents.

For several days, members of the American Field Service, their British medical orderlies, and any strays from the surrounding lines had a wonderful time bathing. And then the Assistant Director of Medical Service made his weekly visit to headquarters. He was a British brigadier—the equivalent of our brigadier general. After he had made his inspection and was having his cup of tea, he spied the tub. He couldn't believe it. He adjusted his monocle and took another look. Then, in less time than it takes to say "Upon my word," he was splashing happily, his uniform and underclothes hanging from the branches of a near-by tree.

That was the moment the enemy chose to shell the area. What would a brigadier do under the circumstances? Did he go on scrubbing in sublime indifference? Did he gather his apparel, don it and depart with dignity? Or did he dash, bare and dripping, minus apparel and dignity, to the comparative safety of the nearest slit trench?

He did.

—RITA HALLE KLEEMAN.

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